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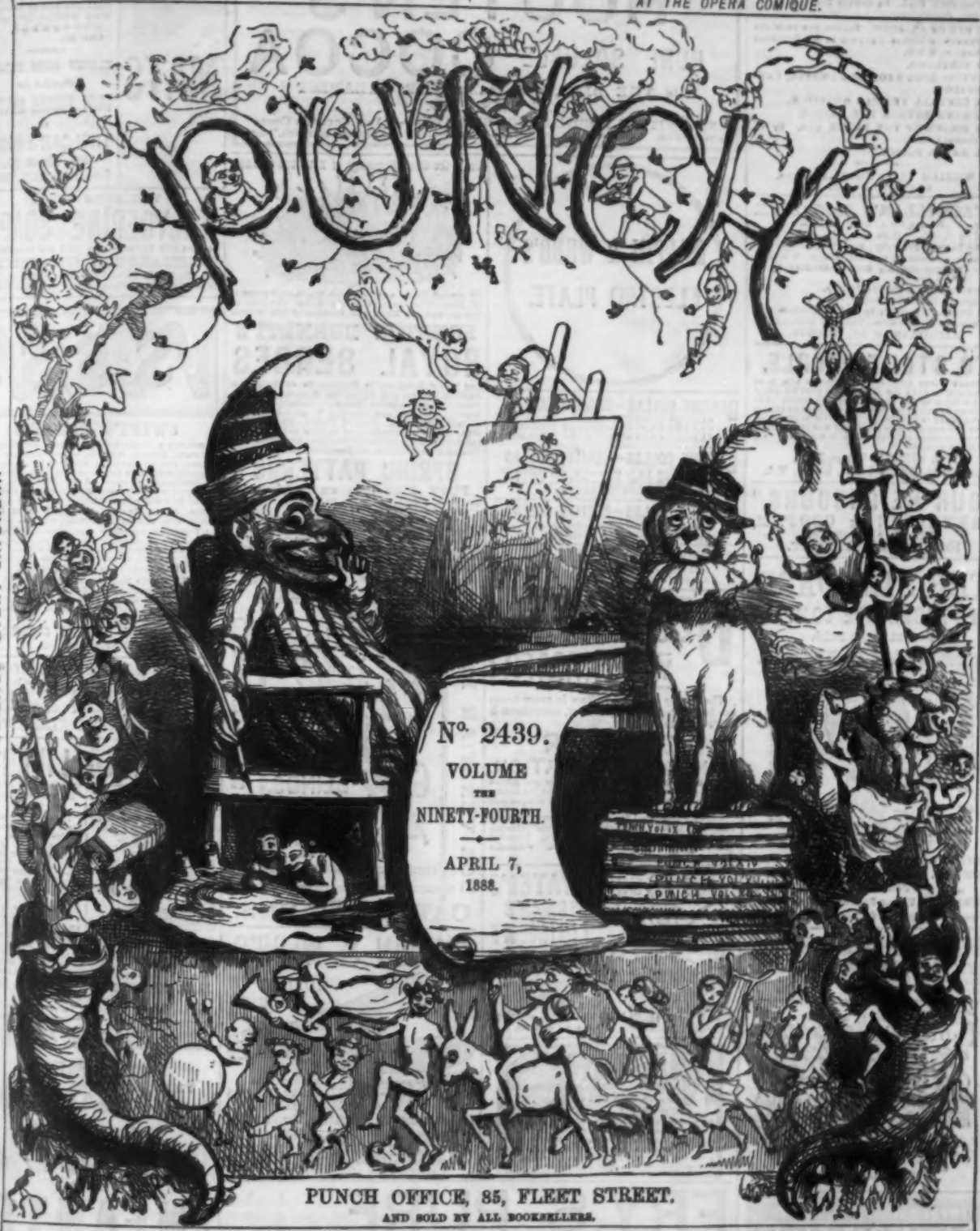

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STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXXI.—The Gay Gondolier.

Oh, yes, he is always gay. Yes, even when he is "on strike." Yes, certainly, gay. It is his business. The Inglesi expect it. To attend the patron who comes with his broad laugh and his deep pocket is the Gondolier's chief ambition in life: so he sings in his native tongue:—

"Ever gay and free, boys,
Ever gay and free;
That 's the style for me, boys;
That 's the style for me!"

The words are classic in the Italian, and roll from the singer's mouth in pleasant liquid cadence. Alas, our prosaic language is apt to vulgarise the sentiment of Italian poetry.

The Venetian Gondolier is not only merry, he is wise; not only gay but learned. His name is Beppo, and in the gentle undulating navigation of the canals and lagoons he prefers to have a comrade. The rich English visitors prefer it also, it costs more money and is *distingué*, don't you know—*il primo gondolero* and *il secondo*. Merry and wise I said advisedly. You shall never find Beppo without his ready smile, his polite *grazie! la ringrazio!* Similarly you shall find him deeply learned in certain Shakspeare plays, not that he knows anything of the bard, who he was, or what he was, but he is sceptical as to the authorship of *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*. He does not venture to imply that Bacon wrote them, as some other equally learned commentators do, but when you suggest to him that an Englishman wrote the stories of *Othello* and *Shylock*, he knows it is one of your jokes, and he laughs and sings accordingly for your *divertimento* which is the breath of your life. At the same time he knows exactly what you want to see, you laughing Inglesi, who only become serious for a moment over the woes of *Desdemona* or the Palace and the Prison. He knows the tragic history of *Desdemona*, and can dwell with enthusiasm upon the thwarted vengeance of *Shylock*. Pulling up before a battered-looking house in a back canal, he will extend his right arm as if he were posing for a picture and exclaim, "Otello, Signore, Otello the great general, where he live, *riguardate*—his statue at the door."

"Did he place it there himself?" you ask, for being Inglese, you are necessarily witty.

"No, after," the smiling Gondolier replies, and thereupon you encourage him to tell the story, which he does very much on the familiar Shakspearian lines.

Again you fire off a little joke as to the authorship, and he tells you the tragedy is really Venetian and true, written in the histories.

"And there, Signore!" he exclaims, before you have time for your next witticism, "*Riguardate ciò! Ecco!* The house where Signore Cassio lived."

You are near the Rialto now, and you ask if the gentleman in the Jewish gaberdine going over the bridge, is Mr. Irving. He does not understand, but you find yourself suddenly a trifle sentimental as you think of the *Othellos*, the *Shylocks*, the *Portias*, the *Desdemonas* you have known in your time. The Vic., the Princess's, Saddler's Wells and other happy hunting-grounds of Shakspeare, fill your thoughts and for a little while you make no jokes, you risk no more conundrums. The Gay Gondolier knows your symptoms. His stories of the unhappy *Desdemona*, the brave *Othello* committing suicide always make his noble English patron a trifle *triste*. Beppo is jubilant but with suppressed force; in some occult way he may have heard of Mr. Coghlan as *Shylock*. Alert intellectually as well as physically, Beppo fits himself to your humour. He begins to hum a few bars of *Garibaldi's Hymn*. He has a good voice, you encourage his vocal efforts. It is evening, in fact the moon has risen while you have been smoking and dreaming.

"Ah, Signore," it reminds him of his gallant padrone who died on the field. "But here, Signore, here is my comrade Castello, he fought by Garibaldi's side; he is covered with wounds more than you can count."

At this *Golondero secondo*, nods and smiles and whispers "*Ah poverino!*" Being an Englishman away from home, you are sympathetic towards all nationalities, to the Italian in particular. You speak of the Crimea, of *La belle Alliance*. *Primo* and *Secondo* burst out into wild praises of the brave Inglesi, and are both supremely happy; for have they any other idea than to please the noble patron? Does he sigh, they are sad unto tears; does he laugh, they overflow in song:—

"Ever gay and free, boys!"

Do not be surprised if in the midst of your reverie, Beppo and his *Secondo* have what seems to be a violent quarrel with a rival crew who come suddenly upon them round a corner without sufficient warning; not that the incident has endangered the safety of their navigation, but it has given all parties an opportunity for one of those tremendous disturbances, which on a first experience you conclude will end in the use of that ready dagger which you feel sure is in the belt of every Beppo and Garibaldini in Italy.

"What is the matter?" you ask excitedly, when the feud is at its height, or that there shall be no mistake, you speak in Italian (for being English you are naturally a linguist) "*Che cosa c'é?*"

Beppo will turn to you gay and smiling to remark there is nothing the matter, or out of politeness to your choice Italian, he will reply, "*Non c'è niente*," at the same time returning to the fray of words with renewed zest until the foe is out of hearing, the foe doing likewise until Beppo is out of sight. He is ready to laugh the next moment at your lightest joke, he will even smile upon the new steamboat, for he knows the gondola will last his time, and that no Inglesi will ever patronise a vessel that is common to all the city; yet he is free to confess that they were glorious days when the palaces were occupied with the grand old families, each family with its company of Gondoliers, and there were intrigues and assassinations and affairs and great holidays, and captives from over the seas, and Venice was queen of the world. "Ah, Signore, those days are past, but Inglese they come to Venezia, they love the Grand Canal, the Palazzio Pizarro, Saint Marco, *Otello*, *Desdemona*, and they have large heart and much *la buonamano!*"

"Addio, Beppo!"

His hat is in his hand. There is a tear in his eye. *Secondo* watches and imitates his chief. They are a picture. Beppo tall, erect, in blue cloth, vest open at the neck, embroidered sash, broad sailor-hat. *Secondo*, short, broad of chest, wrinkled face, crimson sash, and cut-throat grin; but equally sincere in his regrets at your departure, equally appreciative of your drink-money, both thinking of the polento and fish, and *chianti*, and cigars they will enjoy while you are pelting away homewards on the hot railway in the stuffy carriages. You take home some pleasant memories, you have bought the right to be critical about studies of Venice at the Academy and the Grosvenor; and when you examine your banking account, you find that you have paid nobly for your privileges.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*This Time.*" Not any Time, but now or never; that is, Time for this month. If no one has yet put you up to Time, I will do so now. Time was made for slaves, by those who can make Time, and this Magazine—I forgot to say that I am speaking of *Time*, the Magazine—was made for those who have Time to spare, and of such persons, Time being money, you can borrow Time, though if you buy it, *This Time*, you will have made an excellent Time bargain, and if you can't buy it, then in the meantime, get Time somehow, in order to read Mr. Charles Wyndham's diary of his travels abroad. He appears never to have been so much at home as when abroad, and he has returned *décoré*, and decorous, with Miss Moore the Merrier, to his own native land. That his notes are entertaining you may take your little Davy—Garrick, of course—and perhaps he may continue them next Time.

There are some very interesting reminiscences of the late Mr. John Clayton, in *The Theatre*; also a portrait of him in *All for Her*—the play in which he most distinguished himself as a serious actor.

I hear there is to be a new Military monthly publication. I should suggest the title of *The Hyde Park Magazine*. It's a little late in the year, but the first number might date from the "March Past." There would be plenty of Reviews, and Pictures could be inspected by distinguished Royal Artillery-men. The Chaplain-General's Charges, that is, if he "charges" like a Bishop, would find an appropriate place in these military columns. Yours, ever,

The Baron de Book Worms.

The Queen's Chamberlain.—Her Gracious and Imperial Majesty would have preferred presenting the Right Hon. Joseph with an Indian shawl. But what could he have done with it? So the Queen made it a photo, which, whatever its positive or negative value originally, must now be considered as not exactly priceless, but well worth "a Joey."

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 6.

THE G. O. M-UNCHAUSEN.

"He drank uncommonly with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but naturally enough: for when I looked round for my men, what do you think I saw? All the hind-quarters of my horse were gone,—out clean off! The water ran out behind as fast as it ran in before, without the animal keeping a drop of it. How had this come to pass? I could not account for it at all."—*The Baron's Adventures*, Ch. iv.

A PLEA FOR POOR "GOLDIE."

[It is said that, chiefly in consequence of the female fashion for feather-trimmings, our Goldfinches are nearly exterminated.]

When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And wears bird-feathers on her head,
The consequence is melancholy.
Our "Goldies" nearly all are dead!
Fie! How can female bosoms harbour
Such cruelty, at such a cost?
Poll Swedlepipe, the gentle barber,
Might well return, a mournful ghost,
And haunt reproachfully each daughter
Degenerate of Mother Eve.
Consent to such a ruthless slaughter?
Punch finds it hard, dears, to believe.
Have you not heard their mellow whistles?
Descried their darting red and gold?
Beheld them stripping seeding thistles,
With eyes so innocently bold,
And tails so brisk and beaks so nimble?
Ah, surely any human she,
With heart less hard than her own thimble,
Will sigh out, "Let poor 'Goldie' be!"

HUSBANDS AND HUSBANDRY.

(*Vide Mr. Walter Besant's Article in the April Number of "Longman's," called "The Endowment of the Daughter."*)

In England Trade is dull and slow,
And girls are portionless, and so
Unto the altar men won't go
Of Hymen, burning uselessly.

But Besant sees a novel way
Of making marriage brisk and gay,
Commanding British sires to slay
The Demon of Celibacy.

In that good time, as Walter B.
Explains, all maids shall wedded be,
And hardened bachelors with glee
Shall join in amorous rivalry.

He tells us of the plight we're in
When girls who wish to, *cannot* spin,
And hundreds madly strive to win
Each post of well-paid drudgery.

And fiercer still that fight shall glow,
While youths hold back, and "have no go,"
Because the maidens have no "*dot*,"—
So much for modern chivalry!

And more and more will suitors bold
The offer of their hands withhold,
Until their sweethearts they behold
Endowed with a sufficiency.

The dulness deepens. On, ye Sires,—
Whoe'er to sons-in-law aspires—
And save your girls from fruitless fires
By saving half your salary!

ENCUMBERED!

Brown (with expectations, to his Landlady, who had just brought in a telegram). "From my Father, Mrs. Wilkins." (*Reads*) 'Your Aunt Thompson died last evening aged Eighty-Eight, and in full possession of all her Faculties.'"

Mrs. Wilkins. "Ah, Sir! I remember it was just the same in my own Family, only"—(*regretfully*)—"my Aunt had 'avy Mortgages on 'em, Sir!!"

BELOW THE HORIZON;

OR, CELESTIAL CYNICS IN COUNCIL.

[A conjunction of Mercury and Venus occurred, before the rising of the planets, in the early morning of Wednesday, March 28.]

Venus. Well, how fare you, god of thieves?
Mercury. That old scandal who believes?
I'm reformed, and a fair-dealer;
You are still the true (heart) stealer!
Venus. That's a fad, and not a crime.
Where's the heart that's worth a dime?
If on earth I could descry it,
I'd not steal *that* heart,—I'd buy it!
Mercury. Cynic!
Venus. Why, of course! I'd blush
If thought capable of gush.
Cynic calm is all the fashion,
E'en in what the world calls "passion."
Mercury. Happy world!
Venus. Oh, well, I guess
What was once termed "happiness"
Is a thing too queer and queasy:
Free and—what is better—easy
Is the present "form" of Love.
Mercury. You had better sack your dove!
Venus. Not at all!—trust Cytherea!
You have really no idea
What an artful bird it is,—
Fly to "trap" and up to "biz."
Twigs a "plant" in half a minute.
Serpent really isn't in it.
Mercury. Humph! *I* thought myself astute!
Pray, is Cupid also 'cute?
Venus. Rather!—or there'd be a term
To his interest in our firm.
If that boy went soft or stupid,
Well,—it would be, exit Cupid!
Mercury. Bless my heart!—I mean, my soul.
Things seem tending to a goal
Whither even I scarce follow.
Ha! and how about Apollo?
Venus. Oh, he thrums the same old strains:
But there's nobody—with brains—
Listens to his antique twangling.
And, besides, he's always wrangling
With the Yankees—*they* are bright!
Mercury. What about?
Venus. Oh, Copyright!
Mercury. And the ladies; do they like
This new style of things, or strike—
Like the miners—in a body?
Venus. Mercury, you *must* be a noddy!
Don't you better know the Sex?
A new *mode* may gall or vex;
But they'll follow it with passion,
Just because it *is* the fashion.
Mercury. Oh! ah! quite so! Yes, I see.
So, whereas it used to be,
In Life's game, that "hearts are trumps,"
Hearts are now——
Venus. Pneumatic pumps!
Fact! And do you really think
I have any cause to shrink
From your hasty charge of stealing
Things like these, devoid of feeling
As of value?
Mercury. As a crime,
No! But don't you waste your time?
Venus. Hardly! It is rather fun!
But, I think I see the Sun.
Mercury. Well, before we meet again,
I must, as the Pugs say, "train"
For this reign of the cheap Timon:
Now I feel a Simple Simon.
Venus. You *are* out of it, indeed!
Well, you 've only got to read
Gossip in which Jenkins grovels,
And the best Society novels;
Then you 'll learn my modern function.
Ta-ta! till our next Conjunction!

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND!

Last week died Mr. Thomas German Reed, who, with his clever wife, originated the celebrated Entertainment which for ever so many years filled the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. With sporting tastes that would have qualified him for a *Dolly Spanker* of private life, and with a knowledge of sailing a yacht that would have entitled him to the degree of Past Master of any small craft, he passed the greater part of his existence in what was to all intents and purposes a Theatre, appearing several times in the course of an evening as somebody else, but invariably being found out as the genuine German Reed, and as himself "Pa' Reed" was really amusing. *Mr. Punch* has a kindly recollection of the "Old Gallery Days," and dedicates this "par" to the pleasant memory of "Pa' Reed."

George Jokin's Latest.—"Yes; five shillings per dozen on champagne, all superior bottled wines, and *Hock genus omne*."

"SEEING ROBERTS."

THE other night I witnessed the 165th performance of *The Old Guard* at the Avenue Theatre. Where would *The Old Guard* be without Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS? Nowhere. Certainly not at the Avenue Theatre.

Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY is a pleasing tenor, and has as much acting in him, as, in the ordinary way of business, can be got out of a tenor; and, when he has something worthy of his voice, I may say to him, "You will undoubtedly make your Mark, TAPLEY!" At present there is not much for JOSEPH. Mr. ALEC MARSH is a fine fellow, and a vigorous baritone, and the *Capitaine* suits his marshal bearing. Miss MARION EDGCUMBE has a pretty face and a pretty mezzo voice, which should be her fortune. Miss FANNY WENTWORTH is a lively soprano. Miss HENRIETTE POLAK, alluded to by SHAKSPEARE as the "sledded Polak"—makes an uncommonly sprightly *Bugler*—a sort of Cherubino in French uniform. Miss CLARA GRAHAME only fails of completely identifying herself with the remarkably trying part of *Lieutenant Vigoreux*, out of pure consideration for the public, who, it evidently occurs to her, would be sorry to lose sight entirely of Miss CLARA GRAHAME.

General Arthur Roberts coming to the support of the Old Guard.

It is a question whether Mr. J. T. DALLAS would not be more at home in serious Opera, than in these light French frivolities, which offer but little scope to the magnificent quality of his voice, seldom heard, but always thoroughly appreciated, or to his remarkable histrionic abilities, which would recall the days of GARRICK, TALMA, and the elder KEAN—that is, if anyone wished to recall them.

Finally, the clever young lady, whom, for the nonce, I will call INCOGNITA, as her name was not in the playbill (a rare instance of self-effacement, seeing that she represented Miss PH-LL-S BR-GHT-N in the part of *Follow-the-Drum*), played and danced—she may have sung, too, but, if so, her voice escaped me—capitally, and was of considerable assistance to the General, ARTHUR ROBERTS, to whom, after all said and sung, I must return, because, despite this brilliant *ensemble*, the audience languished when their favourite—the "droll creature," as the ladies call him—is not on the stage. He certainly is wonderful. I confess I laugh directly he is "heard without;" I laugh when he winks; I laugh more when he speaks, and, no matter what is going on upon the stage—and I am bound to say I don't think there is at any time any thrillingly interesting action in *The Old Guard*—the audience, on the grin, follow the eccentric comedian with their eyes everywhere, so as not to lose whatever he may take it into his head to do next.

Like the Old Woman who "had so many children, she didn't know what to do," Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, whose children are his quaint ideas, "can never be quiet." He is never in repose: always wide awake and up to the time of day. Yet, for all this, his fun is distinctly quiet, so quiet indeed, that I fancy the Soprano or Contralto, or whoever might have been singing her solo on the stage, did not at first notice her companion's unobtrusive business, of sewing for example—[inimitable!]—and, a hundred and sixty nights ago, must have been considerably gratified at the flattering reception accorded to her song. On such occasions Mr. ROBERTS pleasantly reminds me of the Comic Countryman who pretended to catch a fly while *Mrs. Crummles* was making her most telling effect.

To see Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS pretend to brush the crushed Mr. DALLAS's hair by machinery, to see him pretend to sew with invisible thread and needle, to see him struggling with a sneeze, to see him imitating the customer at the jug department of a large bar, instructing the maid in drawing beer, and then giving his life-like presentment of a superior 'ARRY on familiar terms with the bar-maid—to see him reading a letter, taking part in a concerted piece and pretending (he is always "pertending" like children at play) to sing his part out of a folio of the *Code Napoléon*, which he gravely offers to the tenor as if it contained the words and music of an Oratorio,—to see him doing all this, and ever so much more which I have forgotten, is so irresistibly comic, that the house cries with laughter, and no one cares whether it be the Old Guard, or the Young Guard, or Singing Guards, or Hoarse Guards, White Guards, or The Other Guards, so long as ARTHUR ROBERTS is not absent from the stage for more than five minutes. In a funny duet, where there is just a chance for the otherwise partially but unavoidably suppressed DALLAS, ARTHUR ROBERTS shows how he can fence. And of this art he certainly should be a master, as the Avenue Theatre provides him not with a single stick, but with an entire set of most brilliant foils.

JACK IN THE BOX.

P.S.—I cannot offer any opinion on the merits of the music, as, the theatre being crowded, I could only find a seat on the windy side of the orchestra close to the big drum, triangles, and cymbals, for which soothing instruments, as it seemed to me, M. PLANQUETTE has composed with so free hand, that I was compelled to beat a retreat at the end of the Second Act, and of course I subsequently heard that General ARTHUR is at his funniest in the Third.

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*Interior of Third Class Smoking Compartment.* First Passenger, *apparently a small Suburban Tradesman, of a full and comfortable habit, seated by window. To him enters a seedy but burly* Stranger, *in a state of muzzy affability, with an under-suggestion of quarrelsomeness.*

The Stranger (*leaning forward mysteriously*). Yer saw that gentleman I was a' torkin' to as I got in? Did yer know 'oo he *was*?

First Passenger (*without hauteur, but with the air of a Person who sets a certain value on his conversation*). Well, he didn't look much like the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

The S. He's a better man than *'im!* That was BRASHER, the middling weight! he giv me the orfice straight about KILLIVAN and SMIFTON, *he* did!

First P. (*interested, as a lover of the Noble Art of Self Defence*). Ah! did he, though?

The S. He *did;* I went up to him, and I sez, "EXCUSE me," I sez, like that, I sez, "but are you an American, or a German?"

First P. (*with superiority*). He wouldn't like that—being taken for a German.

The S. (*solemnly*). Those were my very words! And he sez, "No, I'm a Yank," and then I knoo 'oo 'e was, d'ye see? and so (*hasily*) one word brought up another, and we got a torkin'. If I was to tell you I'd *seen* KILLIVAN, I should be tellin' yer a lie!

First P. Well, I won't ask you to do that.

The S. (*firmly*). Nor I wouldn't. But you've on'y to look at SMIFTON to see 'e's never 'ad a smack on the 'ed. Now, there's SULTON—'e's a *good* man, *'e* is—*'e is* a good man! Look 'ow that feller knocks 'isself about! But if I was to pass *my* opinion, it 'ud be this—KILLIVAN 's *in* it for science, he ain't in it to *take* anything; you may take that from me!

First P. (*objecting to be treated as an* ingénu). It's not the first time I've heard of it, by a long way.

The S. Ah! and it's the truth, the Bible truth (*putting his hand on* First P.'s *knee*). Now, you b'leeve what I'm a'goin' to tell yer?

First P. (*his dignity a little ruffled*). I will—if it's anything in reason.

The S. It's this: My opinion of KILLIVAN and SULTON's this—SULTON *brought* KILLIVAN *out*. I'm on'y tellin' yer from 'earsay, like; but I *know* this myself—one lived in 'Oxton, and the other down Bermondsey way. 'E's got a nice little butcher's business there at this present moment; and 'e's a mug if 'e turns it up!

First P. (*axiomatically*). Every man's a mug who turns a good business up.

The S. Yer right! And (*moralising*) it ain't *all* 'oney with that sort o' people, neither, I can tell yer! I dessay, now, when all 's put to the test, you're not a moneyed man—no more than I am myself?

First P. (*not altogether flattered*). Well—that 's as *may* be.

The S. But I b'leeve yer to be a man o' the world, although I don't *know* yer.

First P. (*modestly*). I used to be in it at one time.

The S. (*confidentially*). I'm in it *now*. I don't get my livin' by it, though, mind yer. I'm a mechanic, I am—to a certain extent. I've been in America. *There's* a country now—they don't over-tax like they do 'ere!

First P. (*sympathetically*). There you've *ave* touched a point—we're taxed past all common sense. Why, this very tobacco I'm smoking now is charged——

The S. Talkin' of terbaccer, I don't mind 'aving a pipe along with yer myself.

First P. (*handing his pouch with a happy mixture of cordiality and condescension.*) There you are, then.

The S. (*afflicted by sudden compunction as he fills his pipe.*) I 'ope I'm not takin' a libbaty in askin' yer?

First P. Liberty? rubbish! I'm not one to make distinctions where *I* go. I'd as soon talk to one man as I would another—you're setting your coat alight.

The S. I set fire to myself once, and I never live in 'opes of doing so agen! It's a funny thing with me, I can smoke a cigar just as well as I could a short pipe. I'm no lover of a cigar, if you understand me; but I can go into company where they *are*, d'ye *see*?

First P. (*shortly*) *I* see.

The S. (*with fresh misgivings.*) You'll excuse me if I've taken a libbaty with yer?

First P. (*with a stately air.*) We settled all that just now.

The S. (*after a scrutiny.*) I tell yer what my idear of *you* is—that you're a *Toff!*

First P. (*disclaiming this distinction a little uneasily.*) No, no—there's nothing of the toff about *me!*

The S. (*defiantly.*) Well, you're a *gentleman*, anyway?

First P. (*aphoristic, but uncomfortable.*) We can all of us be that, so long as we behave ourselves.

The S. (*much pleased by this sentiment.*) Right agen! give us yer 'and—if it's not takin' a libbaty. I'm one of them as can't bear to take a libbaty with no matter 'oo. Yer know it's a real pleasure to me to be settin' 'ere torkin' comfortably to you, without no thought of either of us fallin' out. There's some people as wouldn't feel 'appy, not without they was 'aving a row. Now you and me ain't *like* that!

First P. (*shifting about.*) Quite so—quite so, of course!

The S. Not but what if it was to come to a row between us, I could take *my* part!

First P. (*wishing there was somebody else in the compartment.*) I—I hope we'll keep off that.

The S. (*devoutly.*) So do I! *I'ope* we'll keep off o' that. But yer never know what may bring it on—and there it is, d'ye see! You and me might fall out without intending it. I've bin a bit of a boxer in my day. Do you doubt my word?—if so, say it to my face!

First P. I've no wish to offend you, I'm sure.

The S. I never take a lie straight from any man, and there you 'ave me in a word! If you're *bent* on a row, you'll find me a glutton, that's all I can tell you!

First P. (*giving himself up for lost*). But I'm *not* bent on a row—qu—quite otherwise!

The S. You should ha' said so afore, because, when my back's once put *up*, I'm—'ello! we're stopping, I get out 'ere, don't I?

First P. (*eagerly*). Yes—make haste, they don't stay long anywhere on this line!

The S. (*completely mollified*). Then I'll say good-bye to yer. (*Tenderly.*) P'raps we may meet agen, some day.

First P. We—we'll hope so—good day to you, wish you luck!

The S. (*solemnly*). Lord *love* yer! (*Pausing at door.*) I'ope you don't think me the man to fall out with nobody. I *never* fall out——

[*Falls out into the arms of a Porter, whom he pummels as the train moves on, and First Passenger settles into a corner with a sigh of relief.*

DIARY OF A PESSIMIST.

Down to breakfast. Tea and dry toast. Couldn't manage egg. Afraid of indigestion.

Looked over the morning papers. Read through the "Deaths." Skipped "Births" and "Marriages." Never care to read them. Only want to know who's dead, and what's to pay, which I may be the worse for. No hope of a legacy.

No news. That is good news. Glanced over the debates with fear and trembling, in dread of the proposal of some new tax or privation of liberty and property. Police Reports uninteresting. Accidents and offences ditto. Sad sameness, dulness, and want of originality in robberies, suicides, and murders.

Bell. What's that? Rates and taxes, I expect. No. Another Circular. Ha! Prospectus of the Huggery-Muggery Gold Mining Company. Trap to catch an investment. Glad it's prepaid. Hate all Circulars.

Out for a constitutional. Obstruction. Crowd of people in the way. Horse down, I suppose, or somebody in a fit. Gave it a wide berth. No business of mine. Hate being hustled, and perhaps implicated somehow or other.

Irritated by the flaming pictorial advertisements, especially the theatrical groups in attitudes of bogus emotion. Detest sensational dramas. They all end happily, that is, in marriage, of which experience in real life proves the reverse.

Home to dinner. No appetite. Been recommended Gulliver's Dinner Pills. Shall recommend them to somebody else; shan't take 'em myself.

Bell and knock. Shall have knocker removed. This time, telegram. Somebody dead, I suppose, to my expense or trouble. Not quite so bad. Invitation to an evening party, which I shall have to answer, and of course decline. I'm not an evening party.

After dinner smoke a pipe, and meditate precautions to avert the troubles and misfortunes which I anticipate, and so up to bed after a dose of morphia with a view to get a little sleep in spite of them, if I can.

ROBERT AT THE BOAT-RACE.

THE wether was not werry attempting for a water xourshun, but the hoffer of a outside seat on a Steam Boat with plenty of refreshments and nothink to pay, was too grate for me to resist, speshally on a Satterday, which is allers a slack day with us. The one grate drawback was the hurly hour. I hates with a dedly hatred hurly rising! As late as you likes at nite, and as late as you likes in the morning, but

"Hurly to bed and hurly to rise,
If I said as I liked, I should tell great lies!"

as the Poet says, or if he didn't like to say so, I've no dowt he thought so.

I was told to be aboard by 9 sharp, and so I was, punkshal to the minnet, and so wery sharp set that dreckly as we started from the Loryers Peer at the Temple, me and my pal we descended quite natral like into the Cabbin, which, being jest a leetle bit scrowged, my frend, who is a Littery man, like myself, said as we was not only Cabbin'd, but] Cribbed and Confined. I don't at all know what he meant, but as he said it no less than three times, I persumes as it's a wery good joke, tho I don't see it.

The Brekfus was that scrumpshus, that, if it hadn't bin for the nessessity of seeing the Bote Race, I think as we should have stopt down there till Lunch-time, and so have kept a good place, but commun desency took us on deck, and uncommun kuriosity kep us there. We wos jest in time to squeege through Putney Bridge afore it was stopt up, by horder of the Tems Conserwatives, I was told, witch I dessay was quite right, for if swerybody had been left to do as they liked, there wouldn't have been much room for the race. I begs thus publickly to thank 'em for so thortfully having the Bridge washed and polished. It reelly made it look amost as good as new.

The River wasn't a bit ruff, so I didn't feel my ushal inconwenience, but my frend, who's a old sailor, made me take jest a nip of whisky, as he called it, so as to make sure, and then took wun hisself, jest to kindly keep me cumpny.

We had a bootiful site of the grate Race, at least we shood have had one if it hadn't bin for the Fog, which shut all the boats out of site till they wos close hup to us, but we seed enuff of 'em to see how wunderfoolly British pluck can beat meer Sience. I scarcely expess to be beleeved when I says that the two little Botes with only about nine young gentlemen in wite close a pulling of each on 'em, acshally beat the four big Steam Boats as tried in wane to owertake 'em, and wun in a canter, as my frend told me, with both hands down.

Dreckly as the Race was over, me and my frend found ourselves, promiskus as it were, in the little Cabin agen, and there was lade out, as if by inchantment, sitch a moddel Lunshun as I have seldum seen xcelled, and, as common perliteness dicktated, we at wunce set to work agen with inwigorated happytites, thanks to the xcitement of the great Race and the fine North-Easter that rattled so merrily among our bowlines, as my friend said.

I don't kno when I've tasted a finer peace of Sammon, nor a lovelier Pidgen Pie, with reel Pidgens in it too, nor a tenderer combinashun of chickins and Tung. The Stuard kept a looking at us with mingled surprize and hadmirashun, and I've no dowt reported of us most favorable to his employers, as having dun full justice to his wittels and his drink. Wen we assended on Deck agane, the Howses of Parlyment was a standing up boldly in the brite sunlite, in the near distance, looking as if swerythink was always as carm and as peacefool within as it suttenly looked without, and, as the Poet sings, "We stood on the Bridge (Westminster) by midday, as the Clock was striking the our," (of twelve), and the fust thort as struck me after my frend had left me was, what a deal can be dun in a short time if you ony nose how to do it.

Here had I bin and had a most scrumpshus Brekfust with amost swery delliceasy of the season, had seen the werry finest Bote Race as ever was run, in which British Pluck licked British Science into a Cocked At, and had then had a noble Lunshon, as included all the other delliceasys as had nessessaryly bin left out at Brekfust, and thoroly injoyed all three, and all in the coarse of three short ours!

The moral as I draws from the grate race is, that as MARLBUREOW said as how the Battel of Warterloo was won at Heton, so I says as the Battel of Trafalger was won at Barnes!

ROBERT.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"THIS IS YOUR MOTHER'S PORTRAIT, MY LITTLE MAN. DO YOU THINK IT LIKE?" "YES—VERY—ALL BUT THE FACE!"

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY ON THE SITUATION.

Communicated by the Shade of the "Spectator."

["When the establishment of County Boards has reduced the administrative power of the Justices to zero, the ancient glory of Quarter Sessions will be gone, and one of the main reasons of the applications now made to the Lord Lieutenant of the County for the Commission of the Peace will be found to have disappeared. . . . . When Magistrates cease to manage the business of their County, they will cease also to care for its official honours." ESCOTT'S *England* (Ed. 1881), Ch. iv. p. 47.]

"*Hæc memini, et victum frustrà contendere Thyrsin.*"
VIRGIL, Bucol. Ecl. vii. 69.

"The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain."

To revisit—as our great Dramatist expresseth it—"the glimpses of the moon," is a privilege which, though it hath its pleasures, yet assuredly is attended at times by a certain drawback of spiritual pain at once poignant and pathetic.

Of all the ancient haunts which I love, when permitted, to return to, the dearest to me is that long walk of ancient elms, at a little distance from what was once Sir ROGER'S house, among the still standing ruins of an old abbey, and amidst whose lofty tops the rooks and crows of another generation still, as of old, "seem to be cawing in another region." It still lies—and now, perhaps, it must be allowed with greater show of reason—under the ill report of being haunted.

I was taking a walk—the natural language of embodied humanity still comes spontaneously to shadowy lips—in this place, the other night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but agree with my old and fleshy self of the dear days of the—alas!—departed Queen ANNE, that it was one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. One might almost fancy that, like their human analogues and counterparts, they were croaking mournfully at the prospect of the destruction and disappearance of things more venerable even than themselves, and at least as solemn.

As I was walking in this solitude, I became aware of the fact that it was a solitude no longer. The shade of my friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, was at my side, making his proximity known by a low sigh, soft as the rustling of spring leaves, sad as the scarcely audible voice of the gentle night-wind which stirs them.

The good old Knight was musing upon the same subject that at the moment absorbed my own meditations.

"You once proposed, Mr. SPECTATOR," said he, "that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. Of late, sensible men and sober citizens of all parties have been rejoicing that your scheme seemed nearer than ever before in prospect of realisation. And with what result?

I understood the drift of the worthy Knight's thoughts, and the point of his piteous question, "You have been perusing," said I, with respectful sympathy, "the ingenious Mr. RITCHIE'S new-fangled scheme of County Administration as set forth in his Local Government Bill?"

"Indeed, yes," sighed Sir ROGER. "And what is it—to adopt your own comparison borrowed from DIODORUS SICULUS—but a political crocodile-egg, the egg of Revolution? Would," he added bitterly, "that some parliamentary ichneumon could be found to break it, ere it be hatched into the horrid and edacious monster which it bids fair to bring forth!"

"If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partisans," I replied, in the same tone, "we shall find them now, as in our time, far from resembling this disinterested animal."

"Disinterested!" cried the Knight, indignantly, "Disinterestedness is as dead as her Most Gracious Majesty Queen ANNE herself."

I observed of old that I found the Knight a much stronger Tory in the country than in the town. I find him a much stronger Tory in the Shades than even in the country.

"Sir ANDREW FREEPORT," pursued Sir ROGER, "would doubtless welcome this curious birth of an insincere Coalition. He was ever more inclined to the moneyed than to the landed interest. I know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters. But doth not this monstrous menace to the established repute and time-honoured influence of the Country Gentleman move even you to indignant revolt?"

I was ever more desirous to soothe than to excite, to compose party

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Mr. B. (*reads Doctor's directions*). "EH! WHAT'S THIS? INTERFERE WITH MY RIDING!—REDUCE MY THREE PER CENTS!!—CUT DOWN MY CHAMPAGNE!!!—'PON MY WORD!!!!"

and polemic differences, than to aggravate them. There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. It is with this temper of mind, that I consider the subject which so aroused my friend Sir Roger's not unnatural wrath.

"I remember," said I, "listening to the proceedings of the County Sessions with much attention, and being infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws."

"And all that," cried the worthy Knight, hotly, "all that is to be changed, subverted, revolutionised, without reason, and, as the *St. James's Gazette*—an admirable journal, Sir, quite after my own heart!—rightly asserts, without necessity, and in the absolute absence of any call from the Country. Preposterous! Infamous! Unprecedentedly, wantonly gratuitous!"

"If I mistake not, Sir Roger," I pursued, in the same conciliatory tone, "you yourself were called upon to serve as Sheriff of the County when in your twenty-third year."

"I was," replied Sir Roger; "and I indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person), in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. I should not do so now, Sir. I should not do so now."

"Nay, Sir," said I, "it may well be that this Revolution, like some others, will be less in reality than in appearance, or will be limited and ameliorated by conditions and influences none the less potent and permanent because subtle, and, to the vulgar eye, perchance, invisible. The rascally red face of Revolution, like that of a blustering *Bardolph*, is often more threatening than formidable."

"Sir," cried the Knight, "a Country Gentleman of good descent and substantial estate, might of old, creditably and without loss of dignity, become a Justice of the Quorum, fill the Chair at Quarter Sessions, co-operate in County administration with his peers and the parson. But sit on these new-fangled County Councils cheek-by-jowl with the Tom Touchies, the republican Scribblers, the revolutionary Cobblers, and other the tagrag and bobtail of Mob-election? Never, Sir! Sir Andrew Freeport, with his trade instincts and republican doctrines, might find himself at home in such company, not a true Tory Squire, or sound Anglican divine."

"But surely, Sir Roger," said I, "a patriot's duty is to serve his misguided country in the worst pinch of her misfortunes, even at the cost of discomfort to himself. Could such an one as yourself for instance, be present at one of these projected County Councils, and perchance make such an impressive and inspiring harangue as I once heard you deliver at the County Assizes, how would he inform the assembly, give himself a figure in the public eye, keep up his credit in the County, abash *parvenu* insolence, crush crude conceit, and consequently checkmate and countervail the very dangers and disasters which your patriotic prevision marks from afar! Remember, Sir, what we agreed upon of old, that a Member of the Society we projected 'who should carefully employ himself in making room for merit by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from the conspicuous station of life to which they have sometimes been advanced, and all this without regard to his private interest,' would be no small benefactor to his Country."

Sir Roger fetched a deep sigh, and fell into a fit of musing.

"You know, Sir," I pursued, "that feuds between the wealthy and well-placed, though too frequent in this country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are so hardly brought to regard any truth, however important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe in it."

My friend's speaking countenance softened until it was scarcely more recognisable as the indignant visage I had lately looked upon than was the frowning and staring paint-transformed sign of the "Saracen's Head," as his own benign physiognomy. He was about to break forth into a discourse consonant, I am sure, with his changed expression, when the clarion of chanticleer welcoming the first glimmer of dawn that broke through the thick branches of the aged elms rendered necessary what, in parliamentary diction, would be designated an adjournment of the debate.

"Veary Viator" writes:—"Sir,—The other day, walking in the neighbourhood of Waltham Cross, I came suddenly upon the historic stones of Temple Bar, erected at the entrance of Theobald's Park. I have ascertained that this situation for our lumbering old obstructionist friend pleases some folks, but, for my part, I can only look upon its present position as '*Faute de Mieux*'."

Question to be put by Mr. Chaplin to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—"Are Towel-horses and Clothes-horses to be taxed?"

GEORGE JOKIN.

(*Chez Lui.*)

"I am very glad to see you," says the Comic Chancellor, as you enter his *sanctum*. "When you were ushered in you scarcely expected me to be a peer—I mean to appear?"

Call this a "Pleasure Horse!"

You bow gravely, while the Right Hon. Gentleman rings for one of his subordinates.

"My Laughing Secretary," he explains, when the young gentleman enters. "This kindly individual appreciates my jokes. I said to my visitor he scarcely expected me to be a peer—in mistake for to appear. You see the joke?"

Thus challenged, the new-comer bursts into a shout of merriment, and says the jest is of first-rate quality. On his retirement the Chancellor informs you that it is his *employé's* duty to listen to and applaud his jokes. For this he receives a princely salary.

"No sinecure post, I can assure you, although there's no writing about it, in spite of its being called *signy* cure! Perhaps you would not mind smiling yourself at my jokes in the absence of my Laughing Secretary. Thank you."

Then the Cabinet Minister becomes graver as he removes a covering from what appears to be a framed sampler.

"Here is my celebrated joke about Garrick being on the Spree when Mr. Wyndham, of the Criterion Theatre, was in Berlin.

"But have you not made another joke about Mr. Wyndham?"

"I have," returns the Comic Chancellor, modestly; "I said that although Mr. Wyndham was greatly liked at the Court Theatre in the Prussian capital, that might be said to be no Criterion."

"The Criterion is the name of Mr. Wyndham's London theatre, is it not?"

"Yes; and that was the pith of my pleasantry. Had Mr. Wyndham been the lessee, for instance, of the Haymarket, I should have been unable to have given so much point to my jest."

"How ever do you think of such clever things, with so many other matters to attend to—for instance the Budget and the Conversion Bill?"

"I really cannot tell you. They come to me spontaneously. I believe I have a gift for waggery."

"Have you any works of reference?"

"A great many—but my favourite assistant is Joseph——"

"Chamberlain?"

"No, *Miller*, dear *old Joe!*" and here the Comic Chancellor took down a well-worn volume labelled "*Joe Miller*."

"Have you made any recent puns?"

"Oh, yes. Only the other day when something was said about my taking a penny off the Income Tax, I observed I thought it ought to be called the Outgo Impost, as everyone had to pay it! I only took three days in contriving that impromptu."

"Really!"

At this point a servant gives the Comic Chancellor a card.

"Dear me, I am afraid I can afford you no more of my time. I have a pupil waiting for me—a well-known divine. I am sure you will excuse me." Then turning to the messenger, he adds, "Show his Grace into the study, and ask my Laughing Secretary to accompany me."

And as you leave this Home of Wit, you hear the grave tones of the Chancellor and his pupil, followed at intervals by the rather forced merriment of the Laughing Secretary.

THREE'S COMPANY.

In this month's *Men and Women of the Day*, Messrs. Barraud give, as the three "Contemporary Portraits," Miss Ellen Terry (first-rate—as always, either in or out of a picture), between the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and the eminent metaphysician Mr. Herbert Spencer. Our Joseph looks quite the Right Honourable, but unfortunately he is somewhat in the shade, which is most unusual for him; perhaps Messrs. Barraud wanted to give his otherwise life-like portrait a touch of novelty. The Metaphysical Third Party looks exactly what he is, a hard-headed, determined speculator—in the domain of psychology. *A propos* of speculation, Mr. Spencer himself records how, having dropped £4000 in bringing out his work on Sciology, he was compelled to stop it at Part VIII. He works for love, not gain, and from this portrait it may be gathered that there is not much Cupidity about this lover of Psyché.

"Mayor" Revised by Goschen.—"The Horse is a noble animal and very useful to"—the Exchequer.

LIABLE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD.

"ACH, FRAÜLEIN! I HAF VON ZE LAST ZETT!!"

"REALLY, HERR SCHMIDT! WELL, I HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR GREAT FEAT!"

AN ADMIRALTY DITTY.

(Re-written up to Date.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
No doubt she did not understand
She soon might sing the sad refrain—
"What? BRITANNIA? BRITANNIA rule the waves?
Not while Britons trust to fools or knaves!"

When, spite the stock-prepared replies,
In practice everything goes wrong,
It cannot cause thee much surprise
To hear thus sung thy famous song—
"Poor BRITANNIA!—she'll never rule the waves,
Till the Board fill their official graves!"

When ugly facts are hid away,
And half on paper sails thy fleet;
When published figures lead astray,
Who'll not thy new refrain repeat?—
"Blind BRITANNIA! How can she rule the waves?
While to systems Britons will be slaves!"

And so, when foes, long watching thee,
Combined, together on thee fall,
Although "My Lords" may go scot free,
'Twill then be little use to bawl,
"What? BRITANNIA? BRITANNIA rule the waves?
Not while Britons swear by fools or knaves!"

C. B-R-SF-RD.

"EARLY SERVICES."—According to a recent official circular, the L. C. & D. Company are setting a brilliant example to the clergy of all denominations by the earliness and frequency of their services at St. Paul's,—the Station not the Cathedral. The services to Camberwell, and a lot of places along that line, including Walworth—"the Company," says an American friend, "having found the experiment Wal worth the trouble"—commence at 4 15 A.M. And from Herne Hill to St. Paul's there's a service at 3·30 A.M. Up with the lark, forsooth! Why, the Lark's not "in it" with the L. C. & D. Co.! Well, well, we are but worms of the earth, and therefore bound to be caught and picked up by such an Early Bird as the L. C. & D. Co. These Early Services are indeed worthy of the very Earliest Christians.

ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

SIR,—I am watching the case of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with some anxiety, as, if it goes against the defendant, I shall find myself in an awkward predicament. I happen to have adapted for stage purposes, without asking the permission of the author, a popular Three-volume Novel. I must honestly say I think, in my own opinion, I have vastly improved it; but if, in spite of this, the decision now pending is given in favour of the originator of the work, what, I ask, is to become of me? For it seems that, though my right to dramatise the Novel will not be questioned, any attempt made by me to distribute their respective parts to the actors will be held illegal, and the sending a copy to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN will be absolutely forbidden. This, Sir, will place me under the necessity not only of teaching the actors orally, but oblige me to get hold of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and, whether he will or no, read the entire piece aloud to him. Now, how am I to execute the first portion of this task? Am I to button-hole first this actor and then that, and continue dinning their parts into their ears, until I think I have succeeded in leaving at least some of their words in their heads? What of the actor who is accustomed to study in bed in the morning? Am I to pounce on him before he gets up, and refuse to let him stir till he has heard me go through his part several times? The entire matter is beset with difficulties. Could I take the entire company on a pic-nic in an omnibus, and read the play to them the whole way there and back, or could I ask them all to dinner every day for a month, and get through as much as they would stand of it at a time at dessert?

Then as to the Licenser—how should I manage him? He, I fear, would be sure to resent a three-hours' reading. Would it be better to rush in, take him by storm, lock his door, and saying boldly, "No, it's no use calling for help; you are going to hear it," fire away, and get through it at one sitting as fast as I could, or should I drop in on him at odd moments like a sort of *Paul Pry*, and remarking pleasantly, "Now you'll hear a little bit more to-day, won't you?" get through the matter in instalments by sheer force of pushing, and taking him at a disadvantage when he's not expecting it?

But to tell you the truth, I am not at all sanguine about my success with the Licenser, even if I am able, which I don't exactly see how I shall be, to carry matters through successfully with the company. Perhaps though, the pending decision may not involve a recourse to some of the above suggestions. If, however, it does, I assure you, Sir, I shall think twice before I again meddle with the work of the mere Novelist, and invest it unsolicited with the dignity and originality that can alone be imparted to it by

Yours, at present in some dilemma,

THE DRAMATIC ADAPTER.

ON THE LAWN.

(By a Puzzled Wooer.)

SHE 's really very pretty
And graceful—not a doubt;
She 's clever, too, and witty,
But I can't quite make her out.

I am her great admirer;
I think I could be more.
But I 'm half afraid I tire her,
And she 's thinking me a bore.

We 're sitting here together;
To leave she 's just refused.
So I think I 'll ask her whether—
No—why 's she so amused?

Her red lips, pursed demurely,
Enclose a smile within;
And levity is surely
Shown in her quivering chin.

Blue eyes, so bright and clever,
Sparkle beneath her hat—
I wonder now what ever
She can be laughing at

Her soft tones are delicious
As she turns again to speak;
But really I 'm suspicious
Of that dimple in her cheek.

Her face is sweet, and round it
Fair hair twines (o'er her brow)
Like softest—there, confound it!
What can amuse her now?

Now she looks somewhat grander,
Which gives an added charm.
Who cares to understand her?
For laughter does no harm.

'Tis her saucy nature merely;
From mischief laughter flows.
I love her? Ah, how dearly!
Then shall I? Yes, here goes!

"OSSIFICATION OF THE DRAMA!"—The revival of the sporting racing play, *The Run of Luck*, at Drury Lane.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 26.—Budget Night. Goschen explained little provisions of his plan in speech three hours and three-quarters long. To be precise, speech took three hours and a quarter. Additional half-hour occupied by succession of apologies for length of speech. Brought down notes of his address in series of volumes of manuscript. At end of first three hours Members anxiously regarded diminishing pile on left hand of orator. Much cheered by discovery that there did not appear to be more than four volumes left. Some revulsion of feeling created by Ashmead-Bartlett at this moment bringing in fresh glass of water, making the sixth. But this happily proved to be excess of zeal. Ashmead remembers how, in far-off days, when he was about to make a speech, he used to smuggle in glasses of water in his hat. Never makes a speech now: draws quarterly salary instead. Has, therefore, no occasion for drawing water. But when let loose in service of Right Hon. friend, assiduity amazing. Jackson brought in supplies from other side; but Ashmead gave him a tumbler to start with, and then beat him. Goschen mopped it all up with avidity, first one side, then the other. Looked as if he were going to put tax on table water, and was laying in considerable stores at old rates.

A prodigious speech! half as long again as Ritchie's, and twice as intricate. Gladstone enjoyed himself accordingly. Only, as after disclosure of principles of Local Government Bill, half afraid he 's played out.

"They won't want me any more, Toby," he said, when I saw him home as usual after an important speech; "and fact is, I should be afraid to go back. They are spoiling my hand by playing more boldly than I dare do. One week we have a Radical Local Government Bill, the next a Democratic Budget. When a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer takes off the Hawkers' Licence and claps five shillings on champagne, he 's what you may call burning the candle of Democracy at both ends."

T. B. POTTER interested auditor. When GOSCHEN came to section of his speech where he frothed up champagne sixpence a bottle, the countenance of roysterers sitting near fell. POTTER's face, on contrary, illumined by sunny smile that cast roseate hue over broad folds of white waistcoat.

"Do you like to see champagne put up?" said FARQUHARSON, eyeing him angrily.

"I don't care," said the patriarch of Rochdale. "*I've laid in a good stock, my boy*—all 1880."

"Laid in a Good Stock."

Business done.—Budget brought in

Tuesday.—Yesterday Old Morality announced that principal business at to-day's sitting would be adjournment. But they don't know everything down on the Treasury Bench. Much more business than that kept House at it up to very limits of possible extension of Morning Sitting. Quite a heavy debate on work of Land Commission in Ireland. RANDOLPH said a few last words before Recess to comfort Ministry. So did GLADSTONE. This opened fresh opportunity for ARTHUR BALFOUR to show his profound scorn for Ireland and the Irish.

At last Orders run through, and, Motion for Adjournment over Holidays made. Then Irish Question broke out in fresh place. That pink of Irish chivalry, TAY PAY, came to the front, and bludgeoned BALFOUR.

J. F. X. O'BRIEN fixed Chief Secretary with his flashing eye. (DICK POWER—Where is DICK POWER, by the way?—once told me that X. in these initials stands for Executioner, O'BRIEN having twenty years ago, been sentenced to death for high treason.) Talk went on to half-past six, ten minutes to seven, if debate still in progress, House must needs meet again at nine. Easter Holidays in danger. House in such emergency looks trustfully to Old Morality. Evidently on the pounce this hour past. Came down at half-past six. WILLIAM REDMOND just risen to supplement Tay Pay's exhibition of what Ireland can produce in these degenerate days. Old Morality's extinguisher promptly popped on, and expectant holiday-makers breathed again.

"Looking Daggers."

From beneath extinguisher, truculent voice of REDMOND exclaiming, "Why don't you let me answer the Chief Secretary?" Pretty to see Old Morality wink. Not used to indulge in such exhibitions of levity. But W. REDMOND under extinguisher had so exactly hit the point. "Let him answer the Chief Secretary!" Why, if opportunity had been supplied, Chief Secretary would have been shattered, Government would have toppled down, and chaos would have come.

"Not if we know it," said Old Morality's wink, as plainly as if it spoke.

Closure carried. Motion for Adjournment agreed to. House went off for Easter Holidays.

NOVELTY IN "PETIT PAIN."—BOULANGER'S New *Rôle*. Apply to the Boulangerie Co., Limited.

THE BUDGET.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Having devoted one whole day to endeavouring to fathom the numerous mysteries of the last new Budget, which required more than four hours' elaborate description by its talented and knowing author to explain to an entranced House of Commons, I can now, Sir, in accordance with your suggestion, explain the whole matter so clearly and so explicitly, that the conventional Schoolboy can thoroughly comprehend it. The whole secret of its brilliant success is its simplicity. It was preceded, as we all know, especially unfortunate Bondholders, by the attempt to make the simplicity of the 3 per cents. more simple by reducing them to the still sweeter simplicity of 2½, and the success of this brilliant idea being once assured, the rest followed as a matter of course.

First came the startling announcement that the great Magician from the land of Goshen had to deal with an enormous surplus of no less than £2,165,000! and the delighted House prepared to listen with rapture to the announcement of the many nuisances in the shape of taxes that were about to be remitted. But the great Magician waved his wand, and behold the whole of this enormous surplus, and something more, was to be devoted to the relief of something or somebody that his colleague, Mr. RITCHIE, had tried to explain a few nights previously, though with only very partial success.

Having thus satisfactorily cleared the ground, first by creating an enormous surplus, and then by bidding it vanish into thin air, the political *Prospero* again set to work to conjure up an imaginary surplus to replace that so curiously disposed of, and here his genius for simplicity had full play. He first began by introducing the novel idea that all carts should be charged by weight, and proposed 2*s.* per cwt. as an experiment; but the Agricultural party groaning at this kindly suggestion, he at once consented to except agricultural carts, this distinction to be ascertained by the inscription on such carts in black letters on a white ground. "This here Cart is a agricultural one principally confined to Taters and Turmuts." This I was told in confidence by an Irish Member.

Another new idea had dawned upon the financial Wizard, so having taxed carts, he next proceeded to tax wheels, and that too at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* a wheel, if over 2 cwt. I am not a very experienced judge in these matters, but I should have thought that few cart-wheels would weigh over 2 cwt., but of course he knows what he was talking about. Brewers are to be treated rather severely, as they will be taxed both for weight and wheels, and will have to pay about £300,000! Poor Brewers! The next brilliant idea was to tax all pleasure horses 20*s.* each, and all racehorses £5 each; so racing Butcher boys will have to be careful. I am glad to see that the tax upon Hawking is to be altogether abolished, but I do pity the poor Duke of ST. ALBANS, as I really do not see how they can continue his salary after that. Why poor Wine Merchants should have to pay 5*s.* per dozen on wine, if sold in bottles, and nothing at all if sold in flagons or hogsheads, I cannot understand, but rich financiers are always hard upon poor retailers.

The one point in the whole mysterious matter that I do understand thoroughly is that the Income Tax is to be reduced to the sweet simplicity of 6*d.* in the pound, which I am very much pleased with, as it makes the calculation of how much one has to pay so much more simple. I do not sufficiently understand about companies' registration fees, or stamps on foreign securities, to know how they will operate and on whom, but having devoted two hours to calculating how the new Budget will affect me, I arrive at the following result.

I possess £20,000 in the simple 3 per cents., which have produced me during the last twenty years £600 per annum, I will therefore say,

Income	£600	0	0
Loss on Conversion	50	0	0
Tax on 1 Horse	1	0	0
" " 1 Carriage	1	0	0
" " 4 Wheels, at 2*s.* 6*d.* . .	0	10	0
" " Wine, at 5*s.* per dozen, say	1	10	0
	54	0	0
Saving 1*d.* in the Pound, Income Tax	2	5	10
Nett Loss	£51	14	2

With this startling result staring me in the face, I feel considerable difficulty in joining heartily in the chorus of praise of the Budget, that it took its author nearly four hours to explain, and the evil effects of which he could, of course, easily avoid by selling out his Consols a month ago, and laying in a heavy stock of bottled wine.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

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